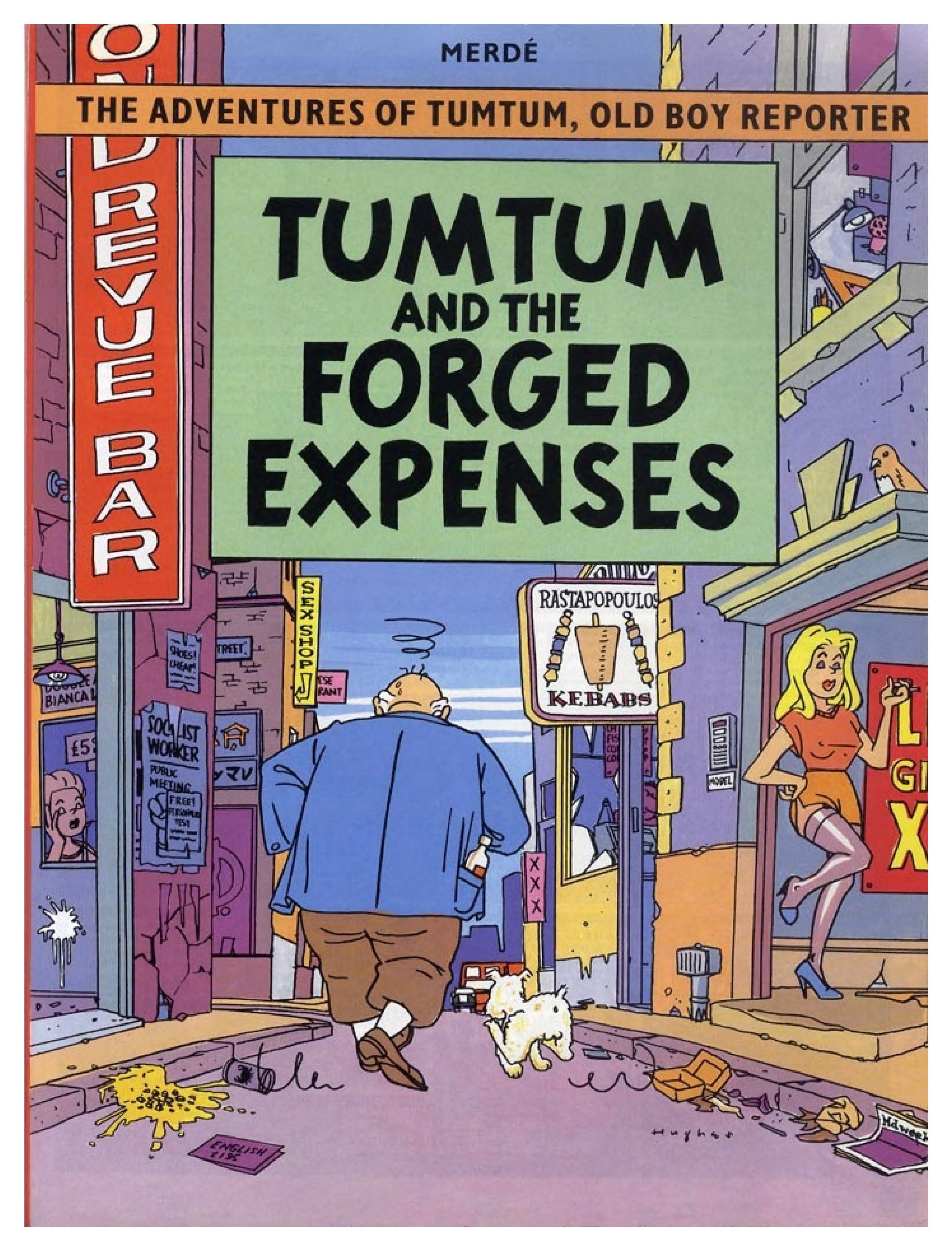


MERDÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF TUMTUM, OLD BOY REPORTER
TUMTUM AND THE FORGED EXPENSES
REVUE BAR
SEX SHOP
RASTAPOPOULOS
KEBABS
SHOES! CHEAP!
STREET
BIANCA
SOCIALIST WORKER
PUBLIC MEETING
FREE!
XXX
MODEL
ENGLISH £1.95
Hughes


TUMTUM, BOY REPORTER, SOLVES 'SINGING SCARAB' MYSTERY
CAIRO, TUESDAY: Interpol yesterday arrested the entire gang of evil crooks involved in a fiendish plan to smuggle the world-famous Sphinx out of the country. The villians were foiled by the clever sleuthing of TUMTUM, the boy reporter, who singlehandedly unmasked the gang.
FULL STORY PAGES 2 & 3


Blimey, those were the days, eh Slushy... thirty years ago! Who'd have thought we'd end up at Wapping writing the bleedin' Page Three captions ...eh, Slushy?... Slushy?


Oi! Pack that in! I should never have saved you from that Doctor Spengler... *
Bastard
*See Tumtum and the Cross-eyed Vivisectionist


...ah well, suppose I'd better do some work this week... 'Curvy Karen is today's Crown Green Bowling Beauty. Feast your eyes on her lovely pair of woods'... oh, stuff it! What's the point? — I still cant work out how to turn on the word processor... If only something exciting would happen...


BRING


Whats that? 'Guided Missile.. Ayatollah..? Red Alert..?' Very interesting! This needs investigating!


At last! C'mon, Slushy! This is what we've been waiting for!
Another early lunch, Mr. Tumtum?
NEWS INTER
RECEPTI

...£100 accumulator on 'Guided Missile' 'Ayatollah' and 'Red Alert' at Kempton Park, please darlin', and put it on the slate.
Sorry, Mr Tumtum, but the boss says no more credit 'till you pay your debts.


Tight-fisted bastards! Hey! I recognise that face! Higgins of the Globe... he's onto something! Come on, Slushy... after him!
NO ENTR
18


So that's his game! Quick, we've got to beat him to it!
WAPPING OLD STREET
CLASS WAR
DESIRABLE WAREHOUSE FOR SALE


Got him! And with just seconds to spare!
Oh, hello Mr. Tumtum... first as usual, eh?
AAARGH!


Give us a vodka!.. Hang on, you're new here, aren't you? Where's Fred?
Mr. Fred was taken mysteriously ill... I am Chong, replacement barman. A vodka, did you say?
XXX


Heh Heh... and now to add that special something
WOOSH


Enjoy your drink, Mr Tumtum... Heh heh!


Poisoned! ...You bastard, you put tonic in this!.. Give us a treble - and make it straight this time!
?



Bastard landlord! Chucks me out and it's only 4.30! ... Still, I should be able to get a drink over at Haddit's place... Must remember to put this down as 'Research Fees' on the expenses form...

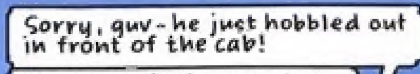














Twenty minutes later...

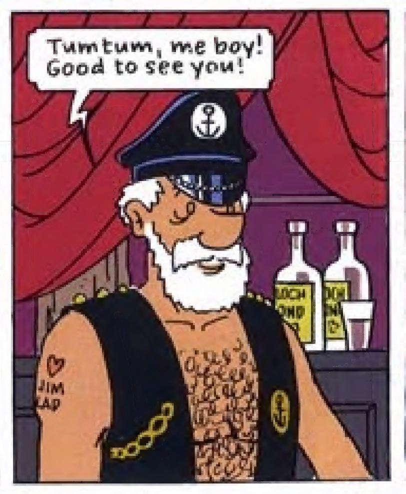
Old compton street... that's £4.50 on the clock... call it a fiver, shall we?...

All right, you call it a fiver, and I'll call it £15 on me expenses... give us a blank receipt, will you - and hurry up, I've got to meet Captain Haddit.













That's because we've been working under cover... We've had our eye on you for some time!

The Truncheon Twins!

Yes, Tumtum! We know all about your forged expenses claims! Fraud is a very serious offence, you know... you'll go down for this - the Captain's given us all the evidence we need

Sorry, Tumtum, they were going to take my licence away!

Six months later...

UMTUM, VETERAN REPORTER BUSTED IN SOHO GAY BAR FRAUD SWOOP

